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Reviews.

The Prose Works of John Milton. With a Biographical Introduction by Rufus W. Griswold. In two volumes. Philadelphia: Herman Hooker.

The Poetical Works of John Milton. 2 vols. D. Bixby, Lowell, Mass.

"Those must be great men whose shadows extend so far," says Hazlitt, in view of some of the marvellous minds, which still mingle with our own, as if in communion therewith, although the dust of centuries is lying upon their graves. Perhaps the man never lived to whom the figure is more justly applicable than to John Milton, not even excepting Shakspeare, the utterance as it were of the universal mind. It may be that Shakspeare had a more intuitive knowledge of all the phases of humanity than Milton; was a better exponent of the shades of its complicated internal machinery. But he who fills himself with all the knowledge and wisdom of the past ages, who trains himself to sobriety and temperance in all things, only that he may bring from the treasury of thought, elaborated in a pure and healthful brain, one vast offering to human good; the clear, searching, and enduring lights of the understanding to irradiate the bewildered recesses of bedimmed reason, and from thence lifts himself and his fellows into the highest regions of spiritualism, with a wing which has gathered its power in the very lap of ratiocination, as did Milton, is greater than he, who, however great from the hands of his Maker, seizes at a glance all that is common, and learns from intuition all that is highest and loveliest, and best in his species, even although that man be Shakspeare. "No man can write a great Epic, whose own life is not heroic," was the daring assertion of Milton, thereby creating in the minds of his judges the severest standard by which he was himself to be approved or condemned. Even Johnson, little able as he was to appreciate Milton as a whole, and whose sneers at his political career are a stain upon his page, did not fail to acknowledge with kindred admiration Milton's composed consciousness of his own great powers, and the magnanimous dignity with which he in a composition, foreign to his subject, suggests the hope, that at some time he might produce a work, which the world "would not willingly let die." This is the *Paradise Lost*, a work which may be regarded as the *Epic* of a civilized world. The greatness, the vigor, and bountiful physique of Homer, will stand as the crystallized embodiment of an age of stormy passion, too great for mere sensualism, the rudely heroic man, when thought and sentiment were scarcely unfolded from the bud; but Milton must be regarded as the concentrated exponent of the heroic of that most difficult age of the world, when the fables of tradition and the gropings of superstition have given place to the facts of an immortal and spiritual world; and the great triumphs of human power are to be wrought

less upon the battle-field than in the "quietude of thought;" when men reason out the problems of existence, and look upon brute force in the same manner as they regard the contortions of the inferior animal creation. In this point of view, as Milton had no prece-
der, so he can have no follower. No one ever before him penetrated into the shadowy world without carrying therewith the littleness or the grotesqueness of this; but Milton, casting aside the whole machinery of Priesthood, and all the cant and predilections of past ages, entered courageously alone, and unencumbered, an abstract looker on, and brought thence, vast, magnificent, and sublime materials; images of ideal and terrible grandeur, abstractions at once awful, pure, and beautiful, to enrich all after thought, and elevate all future imaginations. Other compositions aiming at these vast heights are belittled by grotesqueness, or degraded by minds so long in bondage to the machinery of priests, that they cannot escape thralldom even here; and instead of spirits deal with Popes and Cardinals, and the penalties of unrepented vices, leaving to Milton the whole array of creations never clothed in flesh.

Artistically perfect, exquisitely harmonious as may be the minor productions of Milton, now that we have the *Paradise Lost*, we cannot but regard them as the playthings of the giant, the toys by which he amused the sprightliness of his youthful strength before he buckled on the harness of the full and assured man. Whole races of inferior poets have built up fame from his suggestions, even in these, and sport and antic upon Parnassus, in fancied Miltonian resemblance; but the approaches to the awful shrine of Milton himself are still to them veiled in clouds and thick darkness. If such virtue proceeded from the touch of his poetic mantle, what must he be himself? The truth is, it was the greatness of the man Milton, which imparted such unapproachable power to the poet Milton; and here we must remark, that as his verse is his own, so also the rugged massiveness, the burning effluence of condensed, and penetrating, and grasping thought and expression, contained in his prose, were his and only his. Through a long life passed almost entirely before the public, traduced by one party, and the idol of another, and anon attacked and vilified even by those nearest and most dependent upon him for learning and judgment, there is something chivalric and bravely beautiful in the manner in which the individual Milton holds himself clearly apart in his own lights, judging and thinking out of his own courageous mind, unwarping by time, circumstance, and place. Slandered, he calmly and with heroic consciousness of rectitude, tells of his "temperance in all things," and his worst enemies dared not iterate a charge which such a life disavowed. As to his learning, his address, and ability, the world was at his feet, and how much the glorious period of the English Commonwealth owed to the powerful conceptions of Milton, it is impossible now to esti-

mate. The fact that after so long a period has elapsed, when the profligacy of the Restoration drove so many into exile, and silenced so many brave spirits; when the wit and rhythm of Butler were exercised to bring his party both religiously and politically into contempt; when it became the duty and the interest of the historian to bury the period in oblivion, and cover the greatest of English minds in the deathful veil of silence, because they had found expansion there—these being the facts, and the point remaining, that the stateliness of Milton still rises from the intervening rubbish, and shows itself clear and distinct, tells how much of grandeur must have existed if able to rise superior to such a mass of impediment.

Yes, it is less as a poet than as a man, that we reverence Milton—and in view of the thorough English devotion to country and race which characterized him, the thought of the man himself becomes infinitely more exalted than any record which he has left behind in the shape of Art. The cavillings of inferior minds seem like the pop-guns of pigmies aimed at a Titan.

He was said to be severe and exacting in his household. That may be; those who forgive nothing in themselves are apt to be severe in their judgment of others; for half the world learn charity only through their own infirmities. He was said to be arrogant of his learning, inflated with the consciousness of his power. If such were the facts, who but Milton had such right? But be it remembered, that in the stormiest period of English history, his learning was exercised to advance the great purposes of reform, and to encircle with glory the age in which he lived. Identified heart and hand with the Commonwealth, he brought all the treasures of his knowledge to advance the interests of a party remarkable for vigorous understandings and purity of purpose, but inferior to their adversaries in the graces of diction and the resources of past experience; his powers were not expended selfishly in academic grove, but used with martyr-like manfulness to advance the great principles of his sect, even to blindness; for it is well known that in the attack of Salmasius, when the eyes not only of England, but of Europe, were turned upon Milton for a reply, he did not flinch from the labor, although assured by his physician that blindness would be the consequence. Well might the heroic Bard console himself, nor "bate one jot of heart or hope," in view of such a sacrifice—"lost in liberty's sweet cause, my glorious task, with which all Europe rings from side to side."

It is only petty cavillers who see the infirmities of temper amid so much magnanimity; it is only maudlin poets, and sentimental school-girls, who pine over the blindness of Milton; for to us he is "without impediment," too noble, too awful for pity—we look upon him with reverent awe, as we should upon Jove, with head bowed upon Olympus, blinded by his own lightnings; and it is only when we are roused by expressions such as these,

"Oh! dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon,
Irrevocably dark, total eclipse
Without all hope of day."

that we realize the mighty sufferings of the shrouded head; and here too let us remark how few of us in our admiration of Coleridge, who, of all others, has iterated words till we are startled into admiration, "alone, alone, all, all alone, alone on the deep, deep, sea;" remember that he learned this courageous power from Milton.

It is remarkable that so little of petty scandal has come down to us in regard to him; and what little has reached us is so little in accordance with the character of the man, that we are forced to reject it altogether. The man must be judged by the characteristics which predominated in him.

The father of Milton wrote verses which were far from being contemptible, and possessed no inconsiderable musical ability; but that which probably exercised the strongest effect upon his son as a man was the fact, that he was a dissenter who had been disinherited by his family on account of his religion. This circumstance, and the fluctuations of religious opinion in England, naturally led the youthful Milton to the great subjects of reform in all its branches. He had seen the cruelties inflicted upon the dissenters in his own country, had seen harmless and pious men, scourged, imprisoned, and cropped, for refusing to conform to episcopacy—pillories were erected, fines and penalties enforced till thousands went into exile, sought Holland and the new world, that they might worship God after the dictates of their own conscience. He saw these things, and what wonder that he sought out by earnest thought a redemption from such enormities?

He had seen the great Hampden refuse a trivial sum in the shape of ship-money because he believed the mode unconstitutional, and subversive of English liberty—a stretch of the royal prerogative which a freeman should resist; and he had seen the whole nation thrilled with the doctrines of human right, which the eloquence of Hampden had enforced, and the cogent reasonings of the best minds of the nation had evolved in the process of this remarkable trial—what wonder then, that he sought deeply into the principles of human good, examined into the true elements of legislation, and saw but an instrument from the people in the person of a king, and thence advanced those fundamental doctrines which are the ground-work of our own declaration of rights?

He had seen the great Stafford borne to the scaffold for no crime but king's councillor, or rather it may be non-controller of his arbitrary Stuart blood—had seen that king, with the selfish expediency, which was the vice of his family, avail himself of the noble generosity of his minister, who to remove a dilemma from the mind of the monarch, had urged him to sign the warrant for his execution as the best means of reconciling himself to his disaffected subjects, and Charles had done so, and reaped the reward of his cowardice—what wonder then, that he cast aside the prejudices hereditary to an Englishman, and learned to regard the person of a king as sacred only so far as he was the faithful executor of constituted law, the vicegerent of God to dispense justice and beneficence to his subjects?

Scotland had rejected Episcopacy, and all the Protestant States of Europe were free from the enormity of Church and State combined—all these things were done, and passing before him, while Milton was preparing himself by study and observation for his noble career; he visited the most learned and polished schools

abroad, and was received with honors, wonderful when we consider the youth of the recipient. In the midst of popery he openly expressed his repugnance thereto—but let him speak in his own language in this matter for the sake of his allusion to the great Galileo, "grown old a prisoner to the inquisition." He is advocating the freedom of the press:

"I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannizes; when I have sat among their learned men (for that honor I had), and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition in which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness, that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet was it beyond my hope, that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance, as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish."

Such in part was the process, which formed the magnanimous mind of Milton, a mind to which truth never appeared in the aspect of a theoriser but an Actor; he examined her shape for himself, divested of prejudice for the past, and full of hope for the future. A Puritan after his own mind, though of more limited capacity, had said, still limiting the point as Milton would not have done under any circumstances:

"The Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who have come to a *period* in religion, and will go at present no further than the instruments of their reformation. Luther and Calvin were great and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole council of God. I beseech you remember it—'tis an article in your church covenant,—that you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God."

Nor was Milton a whit behind this courageous searchingness and receptiveness of truth. It was not to him a dead letter, a something received quiescently into the mind, but vital, stirring, and so incorporated therewith as to be a never failing impulse to action. He was alarmed at no shape of Truth, provided he was assured of her divinity. Who ever uttered more beautiful language in regard to her essence than John Milton?

"The very essence of truth is plainness and brightness; the darkness and crookedness is our own. The wisdom of God created understanding, fit and proportionable to truth, the object and end of it, as the eye to the thing visible. If our understanding have a film of ignorance over it, or be bleared with gazing on other false glisterings, what is that to truth? If we will but purge with sovereign eyesalve that intellectual ray which God hath planted in us, then we would believe the Scriptures protesting their own plainness and perspicuity."

And again:

"When a man hath been laboring the hardest labor in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons as it were a battle ranged, scattered, and defeated all objections in his

way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valor enough in soldiery, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of truth. For who knows not that truth is strong, next to the Almighty; she needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious; those are the shifts and defences that error uses against her power: give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps, for then she speaks not true, as the old Proteus did, who spake oracles only when he was caught and bound, but then rather she turns herself into all shapes, except her own, and perhaps tunes her voice according to the time, as Micaiah did before Ahab, until she be adjured into her own likeness. Yet is it not impossible that she may have more shapes than one? What else is all that rank or things indifferent, wherein truth may be on this side, or on the other, without being unlike herself? What but a vain shadow else is the abolition of those ordinances, that hand-writing nailed to the cross? What great purchase is this Christian liberty which Paul so often boasts of? His doctrine is, that he who eats or eats not, regards a day or regards it not, may do either to the Lord. How many other things might be tolerated in peace, and left to conscience, had we but charity, and were it not the chief stronghold of our hypocrisy to be ever judging one another? I fear yet this iron yoke of outward conformity hath left a slavish print upon our necks; the ghost of a linen decency yet haunts us."

It is in this point of view that we are disposed to regard in a different light from most persons, that most remarkable work of Milton, entitled the *Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*. It is a narrow view of a mind such as Milton's, to suppose that he expended so much time, learning, and argument, to establish a principle, which might free him from domestic discomfort or gratify private animosity. Whatever may be the judgment of the world in times to come, the fact remains that his arguments have never found an opponent, and the work remains the proudest monument that ever could be raised to the singleness and purity of the man, for not a paragraph, not a thought, not an allusion can be found therein justifying license in any shape, or even meeting the question upon the grounds of materialism. It is the needs of the high spiritual man, condemned to "loneliness" in spite of God's beneficence in appointing him a "help-mate," the solitary affections yearning for companionship—the hopes and the aspirations calling for a response; the understanding seeking for aliment, which Milton advocates—the profligate and the trifler would find little countenance in the great and severe Puritan. The only mistake, if mistake there be, consists in the fact, that laws must be made for the protection of the many, and the argument of Milton applies to the few;—he took his own purity, his own exalted conceptions for a general standard, whereas the world can produce but one Milton. The allusions of Macaulay to the practice and sentiments of Milton on this ground are as unjust and ridiculous, as his theory of insanity in a limited degree being the essence of the poetic.

It is as a Reformer that Milton is to be studied more than as a poet, great as we have acknowledged him to be, unapproachable even in his exaltation, if we would appreciate him as a whole. Travelling abroad, and honored as we have seen, no sooner did he perceive the signs of the times in England, than he abandoned his intention of further travel, conceiving it, as he says, "base to be travelling for amusement abroad, while my fellow citizens

were fighting for liberty at home." Arriving in London, the orphan children of his sister were an appeal to his good offices, and he at once took a house that he might the better minister to their education, and received others also to instruction. With the enlarged views of the man, we can readily perceive that pecuniary advantage was less an object to him than the training some few to those lofty views which actuated his own life. At this time it may be supposed he elaborated his theory of education, suggested by his own experience, and his contempt for those scholastic institutions which are better fitted to produce a race of indolent, conceited, and gloating monks than true, earnest, and efficient men; the very reverse of those whom Milton thus describes:

"This would make them soon perceive what despicable creatures our common rhymers and play-writers be; and show them what religious, what glorious and magnificent use might be made of poetry, both in divine and human things. From hence, and not till now, will be the right season of forming them to be able writers and composers in every excellent matter, when they shall be thus fraught with an universal insight into things. Or whether they be to speak in parliament or council, honor and attention would be waiting on their lips. There would then also appear in pulpits other visages, or gestures, and stuff otherwise wrought than what we now sit under, oftentimes to as great a trial of our patience as any other that they preach to us. These are studies wherein our noble and our gentle youth ought to bestow their time in a disciplinary way from twelve to one-and-twenty; unless they rely more upon their ancestors dead than upon themselves living. In which methodical course it is so supposed they must proceed by the steady pace of learning onward, as at convenient times, for memory's sake, to retire back into the middle ward, and sometimes into the rear of what they have been taught, until they have confirmed and solidly united the whole body of their perfected knowledge, like the last embattling of a Roman legion."

Whatever may have been the original thoughts of Milton as to the mode of serving the country, he soon came to the best knowledge of his powers, and says on this head:—

"From my childhood I have been devoted to the more liberal studies, and was always more powerful in my intellect than in my body, avoiding the labors of the camp, in which any robust soldier would have surpassed me, I betook myself to those weapons which I could wield with most effect; and I conceived I was acting wisely when I thus brought my better and more valuable faculties, those which constituted my principal strength and consequence, to the assistance of my country, and her honorable course."

Accordingly we find him before Cromwell was at all known, or but partially, while men's minds were agitated and uncertain, laboring to direct the spirit of reform in that most earnest and suggestive paper of his, entitled "Of a Reformation in England," &c., published in 1641.

It was human good, reform of abuses in all their subtle and multitudinous shapes, that produced this and other works upon kindred subjects, which impelled the mind of the great man up to the last expiring embers of democracy at the death of Cromwell; and even then he failed not to write upon his favorite themes up to the point of the Restoration; when he who had expended his best years in the sacred cause of liberty, grown blind in her service, so that he should not see physically the shipwreck of his hopes, retired to solitude, poverty, and neglect, and (most reverently do we use the figure) like his suffering Master in

the Garden of Gethsemane, it may be said, "And behold! angels came and ministered unto him." For then it was that he wrote the *Paradise Lost*, hiding beneath poetic and theological images, something of the regrets of the Patriot for the Lost Commonwealth.

Milton was an Englishman with all the arrogance of mental ability belonging to the race. All his power he wished to consecrate to the honor of the country he adored; and in this view, a nation who owes so much to him is culpable in the neglect to which his greatness has so often been consigned. We solemnly believe that it is here, amid the associations of the Puritans, that his name is better revered than around his own hearthstone. Listen to the noble regret which he feels, that the English did not better perceive truth, that the whole glory of the Reformation might have belonged to the Island:—

"Lords and commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtle and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point the highest that human capacity can soar to. Therefore the studies of learning in her deepest sciences have been so ancient, and so eminent among us, that writers of good antiquity and able judgment have been persuaded, that even the school of Pythagoras, and the Persian wisdom, took beginning from the old philosophy of this island. And that wise and civil Roman, Julius Agricola, who governed once here for Cæsar, preferred the natural wits of Britain, before the labored studies of the French. Nor is it for nothing that the grave and frugal Transilvanian sends out yearly from as far as the mountainous borders of Russia, and beyond the Hercynian wilderness, not their youth, but their staid men, to learn our language and our theologic arts. Yet that which is above all this, the favor and the love of Heaven, we have great argument to think in a peculiar manner propitious and propending towards us. Why else was this nation chosen before any other, that out of her, as out of Sion, should be proclaimed and sounded forth the first tidings and trumpet of reformation to all Europe? And had it not been the obdurate perverseness of our prelates against the divine and admirable spirit of Wickliff, to suppress him as a schismatic and innovator, perhaps neither the Bohemian Husse and Jerom, nor the name of Luther or of Calvin, had been ever known: the glory of reforming our neighbors had been completely ours. But now, as our obdurate clergy have with violence demeaned the matter, we are become hitherto the latest and the backwardest scholars, of whom God offered to have made us the teachers. Now once again by all concurrence of signs, and by the general instinct of holy and devout men, as they daily and solemnly express their thoughts, God is decreeing to begin some new and great period in his church, even to the reforming of reformation itself; what does he then but reveal himself to his servants, and as his manner is, first to his Englishmen? I say as his manner is, first to us, though we mark not the method of his counsels, and are unworthy. Behold now this vast city: a city of refuge, the mansion-house of liberty, encompassed and surrounded with his protection; the shop of war hath not there more anvils and hammers waking, to fashion out the plates and instruments of armed justice in defence of beleaguered truth, than there be pens and heads there, sitting by their studious lamps, musing, searching, revolving new notions and ideas wherewith to present, as with their homage and their fealty, the approaching reformation: others as fast reading, trying all things, assenting to the force of reason and conviction. What could a man require more from a nation so pliant and so prone to seek after knowledge? What wants there to such a towardly and pregnant soil, but wise and faithful laborers, to make a

knowing people, a nation of prophets, of sages, and of worthies?"

Again his noble and prophetic spirit exults in the future glory of his country, and he breaks forth in a passage so sublimely elegant that tears gush to our eyes as we read:—

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle muing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam; purging and unscaling her long abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means, and in their envious gabble would prognosticate a year of sects and schisms."

After reading passages like these, the remark of Hume, that "the prose writings of Milton are disagreeable, though not altogether defective in genius," strikes one as conceited and narrow to the last degree of bitterness.

Mr. Griswold has acquitted himself well in his prelude to the work, his biography being written not only with an appreciating spirit, but with elegance and judgment. The edition of Milton's poetical works, published in the manufacturing town of Lowell, has about it the solid air of an English book. The publisher, Mr. Bixby, has heretofore shown his adventurous taste by the re-publication of the "Romance of the Cid," and other works of rare literature, which address themselves to but a limited class in this country.

The Twelve Months Volunteer; or, Journal of a Private in the Tennessee Regiment of Cavalry in the Campaigns in Mexico, 1846-7, &c., &c. By George C. Furber, of Company G. One vol. 8vo. pp. 624. J. A. and U. P. James, Cincinnati.

WHAT the war of the Peninsula was to English Military Literature the Mexican Campaigns will undoubtedly prove to American letters. Already, we have innumerable volumes upon the subject, though few as yet which can be named with Captain Henry's charming volumes, published some months since by the Harpers. The gallant Captain, besides his undoubted literary talent, has the great advantage over his brother campaigners in his tact as a man of the world. He knows well enough that the present moment is not the time to attempt a compendious history of the war; that the annals of each corps must first be written, the personal memoirs of many an officer be given to the public, and finally all the reports and official documents alike civil and military, be carefully collated and compared, and the facts of the times as well as the spirit of the writings of the times, simmer a good while in the brain of the historian, before the annals of the Mexican war can be properly written. Meanwhile, Captain Henry's vivid sketches of the scenes in which he played so active a part, make a book of more real value than any which has yet come under our notice, and thus far at least we would hold him up as a model to his brother campaigners.

It is much to be regretted that Mr. Furber had not similarly contented himself with writing out his reminiscences, instead of giving us this formidable octavo. His book is always agreeable, often vivid, whenever he describes the scenes through which he passes, and adheres to a relation of the movements of his own corps. But it is incumbered with an immense mass of matter, which can be found

equally well "done up," in some half a dozen other volumes relating to the Mexican War—The Services of Scott and Taylor, &c. In a word, he has seriously injured the flow of a very clever and spirited personal narrative (told with a remarkable modesty), by building up a pile of half-digested materials around it. We would advise Mr. Furber to make two distinct books out of this one, in a future edition of the work. Let him, if he chooses, be the historian of the war. But let him give us his own fresh reminiscences by themselves.

Upon the proclamation of the Governor of Tennessee calling upon that State for its quota of troops for the Mexican war, Mr. Furber, then engaged in the practice of law at German Town, threw aside Blackstone and Chitty, and entered his name upon the list of "the Eagle Guards," a regiment of volunteers then in process of organization. The election of officers soon followed, and Mr. F. not being one of those so fortunate as to obtain rank commenced his duties as a soldier in the capacity of a private, in Company G, in which station, like many a spirited fellow of equally respectable standing in society, he went through the succeeding campaigns. Gay and rollicking fellows most of his comrades were. He talks but little of their condition in life ere they went to the wars. But a friend, who stood on one of the landings of the Mississippi when the corpses of many of these brave lads were brought back from Mexico, told the writer of this that he counted a dozen instances in which the carriage and horses of a deceased *private soldier* came to the quay to receive his body as it was landed from the steamer. Such was the materiel of which many of our volunteer corps were composed, and the European who marvels at their fighting so desperately, can understand how much the sense of character must have to do with the valor of a regiment composed of such a *personnel*, when each man fought under the eye of his neighbor, his brother voter, or his political opponent, who was certain to report him at home. "Public opinion," in short, the ruling power of our republic, moved with troops thus constituted, from their native villages to the battle-fields of the enemy; and the science of West Point, and the disciplined example of the Regular Army, was there for imitation and emulation.

But turn we now to our agreeable volunteer. We take him up on his line of march when the brigade to which he was attached began to move amid the scenery of the tropics, where the novelty and grandeur of the landscape and vegetation seem ever freshly to impress the writer, after the long and tedious travel of his corps, ere crossing the Sabine:—

A FOUNTAIN IN THE WILDERNESS.

"We encamped in a beautiful grove, about three o'clock, P. M., after a march of twenty-two miles; the road had been so good that the wagon-train had kept up in speed with the main body; our tents were soon up, and our suppers cooked early. After supper, about a dozen of us mounted our horses and rode three miles over the prairie, to a basin of water, discovered by the hunters of the day, where they had killed an alligator, about six feet long.—The ride was very pleasant, and the basin itself very picturesque. A stream of water, pure as crystal, fell over several succeeding shelves of limestone, covered with green moss, into the basin, itself scooped out of the same durable material; this basin was about one hundred and fifty feet long, sixty wide, and ten or twelve deep, and so clear that every little thing could be seen at its bottom; several large live oaks spread their branches over it, and the long Spanish moss trailed down, making a

canopy of shade above. This young alligator had possessed this basin to himself, 'monarch of all he surveyed;' but its clearness and beauty proved his ruin."

The mention of this hermit alligator introduces the following anecdote, which may remind some of our readers of an anecdote of the eccentric Waterton, told by himself, in his South American wanderings. Waterton, however, if we recollect aright, had ropes to assist him, and mounted his alligator, by the help of servants, on land. Not so the hero of the following story:—

BACKING AN ALLIGATOR.

"A singular piece of temerity with regard to an alligator is related in camp. At Sabine river (now a long distance back), one of the men of Caswel's company, called in camp 'Skin-horse,' went along the bank for game; did not see any; but then a young alligator popped up his head; 'Skin-horse' fired at it, and the water was stained with blood, but the alligator had disappeared. The report of the gun brought some of his comrades to the spot, and they were told by him what he had killed. They thought he was 'fooling' them; which made him very angry, and swearing that he always told the truth, he stripped off his clothes, and waded in the water to his neck, feeling about with his foot, and stepped on the chap at the bottom; he being only wounded, instantly rose and poked his long nose out of the water, behind 'Skin-horse,' who turned, and with one hand seized him by the fore foot, and threw the other arm around his neck, and himself on his scaly back;—now came the tug of war. The alligator whirled round and round, making the water foam with his tail, snapping his jaws together, in his endeavors to get at his antagonist; while the latter having got a hold on shallow bottom pushed and dragged him towards the shore, while his companions, at first petrified with astonishment, ran to his relief; and they soon got the alligator ashore and dispatched him. He measured in length seven feet. Hugging a live alligator in the water, is a ticklish sort of business. 'Skin-horse' is a good humored, dare-devil chap, cross-eyed, medium height, bony and strong, in for a scrape at any time, and is a great favorite with the whole regiment."

The volunteers have not yet joined the regular forces, and being now in a game country, they hunt "considerably" on the march. Suddenly there is a rumor of the enemy in force at hand, when the following characteristic scene takes place:—

THE SURPRISE.

"Wednesday, October 28th.—This morning, we were all on the march at an early hour, the first battalion in advance;—the advance guard about a mile and a half or two miles ahead, on the prairie. We were marching on in lively spirits, when suddenly back, at full speed, came an express from the advance, saying that a large body of horsemen were in front, drawn up in line of battle. As soon as this message was delivered to the officers, quite a scene took place. The regiment was immediately formed in column, by sections of eight;—the wagon train halted;—it was amusing now to hear the questions and exclamations. Carbines were examined and loaded;—the flints of rifles picked;—but some had none, and were inquiring eagerly of all around them for a spare flint—others for cartridges. The great object of inquiry, in the carbine battalion, was for percussion caps. 'Confound those deer,' one said, 'I have used up all my caps; will you give me some caps, Sam?' 'Haven't got but few.' 'Jim, give me a cap.' 'I can't do it.' 'Who has got spare caps?' 'I have got some; but I shot all my cartridges away at those d—d geese.' 'I'll swap with you.' 'Well, good.' 'Who can give a cartridge?' says another. 'Cartridges! cartridges! who has got spare cartridges!' said many a breath; while many

more were for caps! caps! flints! These were immediately handed around from the ammunition wagon, and every man quickly supplied;—and in less time than it would take for the writing, every gun and pistol was loaded, carbines unslung, and the order was given,—'Attention—battalion! Forward—move!' and on we went.

"The colonel rode along the ranks;—'Keep cool, boys! There is a body of Mexican cavalry there. Take good aim, and be sure and fire low! Don't throw away your shots;—(at this, bang! went a gun close by us;—whizz-z-z went the ball. We looked, and preacher Smith, of our company, had let his go in advance, carelessly. This brought a loud and severe reprimand from the lieutenant-colonel);—in the meantime, in solid body, we were approaching nearer the advance guard, which had remained halted."

The touch here about "preacher Smith" is capital. The enemy, in this instance, turned out to be only an immense herd of wild horses; but the pluck of the Boys, if not their discipline, was sufficiently shown in the shadowy encounter. A few days afterwards we have the following incident:—

CATCHING A MUSTANG.

"The advance, this day, consisted of twenty-four men, a sergeant, corporal, and bugler, commanded by a lieutenant; and we were accompanied by Major Waterhouse. We were on the march at an early hour. A fog rested over the surface of the prairie; but it soon passed away, and the day's march was pleasant; but fresh water was scarce, though salt was abundant. Thousands of deer, as before;—many herds of wild spotted goats, that we had not seen previously, and many wild horses, that, drawing themselves up, surveyed us for a few moments, and then went away with the fleetness of the wind. One, a grey, being visible in the distance, Christian, one of the men, obtained permission to give him a chase;—this he did in good style;—he got round him unperceived, so that when the horse saw him, in running directly from him, he came towards us. Our boys seeing him a long ways off, coming, spurred their horses out, and forming a wide semi-circle, surrounded, confused, and turned him about, and crowded upon him. He fought well, biting with teeth, and giving kicks with his hind, and blows with his fore feet;—he could do but little, though, against such a set of dare devils; who, after a desperate struggle on his part, in spite of his snorts and blows, his rapid kicking and biting, jumped at him like so many blood-hounds, and soon got a slip-noose over his neck, and a turn around his head;—and then, tying him to two strong horses, they whipped him and forced him into line. He never, for a moment, discontinued his efforts to regain his liberty. He was a very good looking, middle sized stud, but had one of his eyes injured, probably by fighting."

"While engaged in the frolic with him, the boys saw several human skeletons lying on the green sward around,—fragments of clothing were near. One of the men dismounted, picked up a skull, with a joke, tossed it up to another, and picked up a second; and each with one, came on the lines of the guard again. One of the skulls had been cut through above the left ear, with a narrow and thick tomahawk, that had raised the bone, making the incision broad;—the other was shot directly through the head. Who these were, and when they were killed, afforded much conversation to some of the men, who reasoned and argued upon their different views of the matter, with as much sobriety and earnestness as though they had data from which to form an opinion. These finally concluded that the larger one was the head of Morgan, the anti-mason. The horse was forced along several miles, and then turned loose, and he bounded away to enjoy his freedom again."

The suffering of the cavalry on this long march is of course very great; the following scrap offers in itself a picture of piteousness:

THE DYING TROOP-HORSE.

"Sunday, November 1st.—The horses all looked badly this morning. For the want of forage they were getting weak, and moved in a dull, sleepy way. Some gave out yesterday on the march, and died; three or four died last night; and this morning, immediately after roll call, one came staggering through the tents of our company, and fell over on one of them, kicked and died. A man was sleeping in the tent, having lain down after the roll call; and the dying horse, in his fall, knocked it down and rolled over on it; and how it happened that he did not fall on the sleeping man, we could not see. As the dying animal came over on the tent, the man got from under the canvas on the other side, with remarkable quickness, and with a look of perfect wildness, at being so aroused; which was not diminished as he saw the horse that had occasioned it."

In striking contrast to this scene, take the following, of

BREAKING A WILD HORSE.

"Upon returning to camp this evening we saw, as we entered the pass by the picket guard, a large crowd of men gathered in front of the camp, on the parade ground; and the bursts of laughter that arose from them showed that they were highly amused. On coming near, we saw two Mexican horsemen, who were going at a rapid rate over the area. Riding up, we recognised our old friend, the Mexican of the rancho, and one of his peones, in an exciting race. The young Mexican was on a wild horse that had been bought by one of our men; while the old man was on a trained horse of his own, and his lasso was on the other's neck, restraining him; but the peon not being able to manage the steed, the old man took his place, giving to him the lasso.

"After mounting the horse, which was a difficult feat, the old chap plunged his spurs, with their long rowels, deep into his side. He sprang like a deer into the air, then reared on his hind feet; the old man, not in the least disconcerted, laid the butt of his heavy whip on the animal's head, with blows so rapid and vigorous, that he was soon down; but as he came down, his heels went up, with quick repeated kicks, and endeavors to throw his rider off; but these were with no success; for the whip was turned to the rear with such vigor and effect, that these efforts were stopped; and at the same time, the long spurs were pressed repeatedly into his side, till the blood flowed in streams. The furious horse struck his fore feet upon the ground, and foamed at the mouth; with rapid motions he bit at the old man's legs on either side of him, quick as thought; but the rider was wide awake; for, equally quick, came the loaded whip against his jaws that side, accompanied with another plunge of the spur; and as quick on the other side, as in an instant he snapped around in that direction; this was repeated until the animal was frantic with rage. He bled freely at the mouth, from the checks of the severe bit, and the bloody foam was thrown all around; the sweat ran in streams. He stopped; his eyes flashed; the spurs were again drove in; he leaped high, and burst away for a few yards, but was thrown on his haunches by the bit; recovering, he made three long plunges, and throwing himself on the ground, rolled over so quickly, that it was a wonder that the old man escaped being caught; but he was on his feet, and kicking the horse in the face by the time he was over. The animal, while down, bit again at him as he endeavored to get the lasso in his mouth, and succeeded in biting a piece from his thumb.

"It was now the old man's turn to be furious; he jumped at the horse and stamped his head, and ground his eyes with his heels; kicked and whipped him, regardless of the endeavors of the exasperated animal to bite, and to kick him also; beating him so severely that he was soon on his feet again; and then he began to tremble in every limb; and shortly eyed his antagonist

with an expression of great fear: he was conquered. The young Mexican then mounted him, and in company with the old man on the other, rode rapidly over the whole ground; finally taking him away to the rancho, to give him the second lesson when he was rested. Their price for breaking this horse was but two dollars."

A party of officers having been off to a Mexican fandango, are thus received by a volunteer sentinel:—

"On the picket guard, at the pass that night, was, among others, one of company G, whose name was Betts. Now, Betts was a small man, with an intelligent countenance, keen eye, and pleasant appearance; fond of a joke, and prided himself, at all times, in performing strictly the duties of a soldier in every particular. He had heard the colonel's commands to the guard mentioned before; and, as this party was approaching, he was walking the narrow pass to and fro with his loaded carbine at a support. His comrades were at a little distance, soundly asleep around the guard fire, for the night was cold. The officer of the guard had, against the line of his duty, left the picket, and gone into the tents of the camp guard, as said before, about half a mile. The white rows of tents shone in the moon-light beyond; but there were no lights there, for all were asleep. Betts heard the sound of the horses' hoofs of the coming party, before he saw them. He stood erect. They came nearer, two lieutenants in front. 'Who comes there?' he challenged, in a quick, loud, and distinct voice, that brought them to a halt in an instant. 'Friends,' was the reply. 'Halt! Advance, friends, and give the countersign!' 'We have not got it. You know us: I am Lieutenant Smith, acting adjutant, and—' 'Halt, and remain where you are,' quickly replied the sentinel, with a very significant motion towards the lock of his carbine. The two were astonished; while the colonel, behind, hearing this, was much amused, and drew his horse up, to see it out. The adjutant commenced to speak again, but the sentinel would hear nothing but the countersign; and what that was they knew not. Colonel Thomas knew Betts by his voice, and, besides, could, in the moonlight, see him plainly; and was really pleased to see his faithful performance of orders. After a pause of some moments, in which he thought the lieutenants had been sufficiently troubled for not having the countersign, he advanced up to their side. 'Mr. Betts,' said he, 'I am pleased to see you so prompt and decided in your discharge of duty; and, I trust, the lesson will not be lost on these officers; for officers should set an example of military discipline to the soldiers. Let these gentlemen in; and depend upon it, we think much more of you for your firmness.' 'Have you the countersign?' said the sentinel to him, in reply to this. 'The countersign—no!—it is not necessary for me to have it. You know me; I'm your colonel.' 'You can't go in,' said the sentinel, as he drew himself up erect before them. 'Look at me,' said the colonel, as he advanced out of the shade of some musquit bushes, on the side of the road, into the bright moonlight, that played and glistened on his large epaulettes, his broad gold lace, and the gilt head and scabbard of his sword. 'Don't you know me now, Mr. Betts?' The sentinel coolly surveyed him and his horse. 'I might know you in the day time, but now I do not know you: you cannot go in: remain where you are.' 'But we must go in,' said all, as they advanced their horses up—there will be no harm—' Quickly the sentinel threw up his carbine, with his thumb upon the lock, and his finger on the trigger, and called out—'Stop! you are near enough!—and stop they did; there was danger in proceeding. 'Here is a pretty end to a frolic,' said the adjutant, while the colonel looked stern with vexation. They turned their horses' heads together, and held a consultation. 'Where is the officer of the guard?' said the colonel to the sentinel, who now had turned to

walking back and forth across the pass before them, and who showed no disposition for conversation. 'Gone into the camp,' was the reply. 'Well, send after him, then.' 'Should like to accommodate you, gentlemen, but can't leave my post.'

"Here, then, was a predicament. They dismounted and sat on the ground holding their horses, waiting for the officer of the guard. The night was cool; the wind was and had been the whole day from the north. They tried to laugh, but they were too cold. They pleaded earnestly with the sentinel, but it was of no avail; for he, pacing his interval, would talk no more. In about two hours (which seemed ten to them) the officer of the guard, who had been down at the camp guard fire, enjoying himself finely, thinking that it was time to relieve Betts, came up, and was astonished to find the colonel, adjutant, and a lieutenant sitting on the ground, in the cold, without even a blanket, shivering as though they had the ague. He let them in at once; and they were glad to get to their tents and cover themselves with blankets. In the morning, when meeting Betts in camp, they complimented him highly; and he brought to the colonel's recollection his previous order, that 'no one, not even himself, should pass at night without the countersign.'

The following sketch of Mr. Pillow, the militia general who is now figuring so largely before the public, from his name being mixed up in various ways with the illustrious one of Scott, is quite amusing, as coming from the pen of his brother lawyer, and compatriot Tennessean:—

A VOLUNTEER'S PICTURE OF A MILITIA GENERAL.

"We remained in line, drawn up, while General Pillow dismounted, seated himself near the bank, in front of us, and regaled himself with some viands that his servant brought to him. We knew not what they were, but he appeared to relish them exceedingly, being some time before us, partaking of them; and, therefore, we presumed that they were very fine: one thing was certain—it was the general's Christmas dinner. After he had finished these, he raised a bottle to his lips. (At this, many of our disrespectful men, not having the dignity of a general before their eyes, winked at one another along the lines, and insinuated, in whispers, that it contained good old brandy.) The sight of the dinner and the bottle, on Christmas day, had a strong effect on many in the column, who, in default of anything better, pulled from their dingy haversacks their hard crackers, now soiled and black from being carried on their sides two days, through the dust; and some, who were lucky enough to have a dirty piece of fat pork left, added that, and ate the whole, their Christmas dinner, with a hearty, good relish;—finishing by a pull at their canteens, of the aforesaid dirty water, that they had brought along, to drink, in case they should get no better. This draught was taken with many wry faces, and heaving of the stomach; but, by strong efforts, they kept it down. It was the best dinner they could raise.

"After finishing his meal and draught, the general arose, inserted a cigar between his lips, and, the infantry being near, mounted his splendid horse, and ordered the column forward, and forward we went. We looked onward to the next Christmas, for our good dinner."

We really see nothing against "General Pillow" in all this. The air of military state which it describes, only becomes of moment when we remember that the name and fame of one of the most brilliant heroic characters of the country, that of the hero of Chippewa, Vera Cruz, and Mexico, is, at the very moment while we write, called in question before a Court Martial summoned at Washington, at the instance of the important personage who thus halted his brigade under arms to see

him dine on Christmas day. What a ridiculous world do we live in! Who would ever have heard of this General Pillow six months after the Mexican war was over, were it not for the accidental embalming of his name in the amber of Scott's renown?

Here is another group of Portraits:—

"As might be expected, every one was anxious to see General Taylor, not having had the opportunity of meeting him before; but many met him now several times before they knew him, for he looked so plain and unassuming. He is a full shaped man, not over large, but thick set, inclining to corpulency; has a full, double chin, a very pleasant countenance, full of good humor, and has none of the pomp and show of power and dignity about him, of which many of his inferior officers possess so much. The author never saw him with his uniform on, for he was commonly dressed in citizens' clothing of brown color. He rode about at Victoria, sometimes on a small Mexican horse, and sometimes on a very pretty mule, of a yellowish color, and with an easy gait. An anecdote is related in camp of him; it is this:

"He was riding this horse, one day in that week, along the road that passed through our second encampment, on the hill of chapparal (seen on the right of the picture), when one of the men, liking the looks of the animal, and not knowing the general, neither dreaming of his rank, called to him as he passed along: 'Hallo, stranger, how will you swap that pony for this horse;' at the same time slapping his own horse on the back. The general stopped, and with a smile replied, 'that he did not care about swapping; that the pony was a favorite of his.' At this time the general's orderly or attendant, in uniform, rode up and stopped behind.

"Seeing him, the suspicions of the man who had addressed the general were in an instant aroused, as to whom he was speaking; his face flushed, and he became confused; and another telling him, at the same moment, that it was General Taylor, he asked his pardon. The general smiled, and told him that it was no harm; asked him half a dozen questions about our long march from Tennessee; told him that he had come from a State of brave men and good soldiers, &c., &c., and then rode on, followed by his orderly. In those few moments he had obtained the perpetual good will of that soldier, which he will carry with him through life, and the same of all those who saw it.

"Another anecdote of horse-swapping with generals, that is repeated in camp:—It is said that a man of one of our companies, a few days since, while on the march, fell in love with the appearance of General Patterson's black horse—a fine animal. He, having himself a noble horse, rode near the general, and the following words were passed: 'Good morning, general.' That officer looked round at him with an air of disturbed dignity; but the man, not perceiving that, continued: 'A fine horse, that black that you ride, general.' No reply, as yet. 'General, how would you swap him for this one?' The general turned his head round the other way, and, in a gruff voice, ordered his guard to 'take that man under arrest;' which was immediately done, to his utter consternation. As he saw his predicament, and not knowing how long he might be kept arrested, amid the suppressed laughter of all near, he called out: 'Well, general, if you won't swap horses, you will let me have something to eat, by and by, won't you?' And continued to his attendants, who were taking him off, still in the general's hearing:— 'Why, the general is a fool; he did not know but that I would have given him fifty dollars to boot.' But the general had been taken by surprise; and, after a few moments' further ride, his countenance assumed a smile, and he sent an order back for the man's release, to his infinite gratification; but he tried no more to get possession of the black horse?"

We think our readers will agree with us,

that the following passages show our author's descriptive powers to advantage:—

SCENES IN CAMP—OFF DUTY.

"The city and the camp were still. In the former, the bells calling the people to 'mass' had ceased their tones, and in the latter, the drums, the fifes, the bugles, and the instruments of the bands were all silent; for a wonder, Sunday had been recognised, and there was no drill, no parade, no movements. The long line of succeeding infantry sentinels, that extended in front of the entire brigade, at regular intervals, from the bridge on the left, towards the town down to the bend of the river, on the right, seemed as if struck with the stillness and beauty of the scene before and around them, and were motionless also; they leaned on their muskets, at their posts along, from space to space.

"Now, reader, while all is thus reposing, let us turn our attention to the tents, and see at what the boys are engaging themselves; for, at all times when they are at leisure, their occupation and movements are about the same, and a glance at this leisure day, shows for all.

"Let us walk round in the cavalry regiments. The horses are still; tied with their long lariats; they seem dozing in the pleasant sun. At the line of tents nearest to you, you observe the captain's marquee, with a crowd around it, sitting on the bales of hay and bags of corn, that have been sent for the use of the company. They are engaged in conversation with respect to our next probable movements.

"At the first tent in the line we will stop and look in; we see a couple of the men sitting down in the little space, amid carbines, swords, pistols, blankets, &c., engaged in writing letters on pieces of barrel heads, which are placed across their knees; they have obtained their sheets of paper from the officers (to whom, every quarter, a quantity is allowed by the government), and are busy; being prompted by seeing so many vessels arriving and departing from the United States, and also by receiving letters from home. Two of their messmates are on the sides of the tent, on their blankets, asleep, and appear very comfortable.

"Leaving them, another step or two brings us to the second tent. The flap is closed, and the tent is, as it were, shut up. Let us open it, and enter;—there is but one man within, and he is mending his bridle; the whole bottom of the tent is filled with baggage and arms—in comes a comrade, who, in a low voice, asks him 'if he has got anything.' He nods. 'Hand it out, then.' He drops his bridle, and reaching over, pulls out, from under the blankets, a bottle of brandy, and sells the other a dram for a bit; but it is done in a very quiet manner, for it is contrary to the regulations of the camp.

"At the third tent, we found some of the boys asleep, and a couple cooking behind it; they have been up in town and bought some beef and vegetables, and having borrowed a camp-kettle from another mess, are trying their hand at making soup, for a rarity. They have got some light bread from the bakery, some pepper, and several little articles, and they seem as much engaged in making their soup as though it was to be of immense advantage to them. You will smile to see what value they set upon it; but if you had been through the hard times that they have, and were in their position now, a dish of hot soup would appear to you to be indeed a luxury. There are two more of the men there who do not belong to that mess, and with each one of these they have struck a trade:—One is to get them an arm-full of wood, for which he will have to go at least a mile, and bring it on his shoulder; the other is to go to the cistern at the canal, a half a mile, and bring back a bucket of water for them; for these services, they are to get a cup of soup apiece; and both think they have made good trades, and start immediately to perform them.

"At the next tent, crowded at its door with bags of oats, are, within, several seated on a blanket, playing 'old sledge,' while another has

got a novel, which has been read about the camp until it is hardly readable, and is passing away the time in deciphering it.

"At another tent the fire is kindled, and a chap is pounding coffee with the muzzle of his carbine, and is quarrelling all the time with his messmates about the cooking, declaring that it is not his day in turn, &c., and swearing that hereafter he will cook for himself alone, &c., &c. In this tent are the messmates, some of them asleep, others endeavoring to mend up their uniforms and other clothing, and keeping up the dispute with the one who is cooking.

"In the next, you see a water bucket, with a full supply of water, and a pan of fried pork, and hard bread, to which the boys of the mess are about to apply themselves for a dinner.

"In the succeeding tent, a general cleaning of arms is going on; for one of the mess has been lucky enough to get hold of a little sweet oil, and all of them are availing themselves of the opportunity; and with much conversation, and many tales to one another, they appear to pass the time very pleasantly.

"In the next one are many collected, to hear a man who is telling amusing tales, and many a loud laugh comes from there. After he is done, another sings a song in high glee. Let us peep in:—they have got several bottles of brandy cherries, and they insist upon our taking some of them. (These are procured from the sutler, who, as he is not allowed to sell spirits, thus evades the restriction, and his brandy cherries go off like hot cakes.)

"We will go on. At the next we see more writing letters, sewing, &c., and several at a game of euchre. At the next, we find all engaged in a general dressing and cleaning up, having had their clothing returned from the Mexican washerwomen, who have made it look new. They are evidently much pleased with their change in appearance. In front of this tent, as well as of several others that we have passed, down the line, you observe many of the men spending much time and pains in rubbing and currying their horses; and in the meanwhile they are talking to them, and patting them, and so accustomed have the horses become each to his rider, during the long march, that he knows him as far as he can see him, and will express it by neighing, and if loose, will come up to him. A horse could not be driven from near the camp, and it takes them but one feed to learn (teach) them their particular place; and, if turned loose, they will each come to it at night. These men are devoting their leisure time to the attention required by their horses, and they could spend it in no better way.

"We have now passed down one line of tents, or one company; each company in the regiment, and each one of the regiments of the brigade, will be found engaged in nearly the same ways. It is so all over the camp. Let us now look along the shore of the river, near to which our walk down the line of tents has brought us. Here, we find seated on the low bank, many groups of men, who are looking on the beautiful scene before them, of the peaceful river, with the vessels passing up and down; for the sea breeze now gently blows, though the surface of the water is yet unruffled. They are watching the porpoises, who throw their large backs out of the water, blow, and then disappear. An enormous turtle occasionally appears. Passing along, we see other men, catching crabs in the shallow water; these are very numerous, and with a short pole, a line with a piece of meat on it, and a little dip net, one man catches from twenty to thirty in an hour. Others we see, walking the shore, apparently in thought; though there are not many of these, most having laid aside the task of thinking, as a continual job, to be taken up on their return home. Now, reader, we have given you a sample of the crowded camp, when in a state of rest and quiet. Of course, we have not mentioned all particulars, but enough to furnish you a definite and correct idea of the way in which we employ our

time when off duty; and knowing it upon one day, you know it upon all."

Charms and Counter Charms. By Maria J. McIntosh, Author of "To Seem and To Be," "Conquest and Self-Conquest," &c., &c. D. Appleton & Co.

A FASHIONABLE novel of American Society is still so great a rarity, that we took up this new work of Miss McIntosh's with not a little curiosity. The scene is laid in the State of New York some twenty years back, and the reminiscences of the writer show her to have been well acquainted with the once beautiful suburbs of the city, still existing at that time.

How rapidly localities, life, society, all around us, change in this country! To-day we read the newspaper fling at upstart wealth, with a coat of arms emblazoned upon its equipage; while the British Tourist sneers at the last weakness as a new thing, showing the gradual introduction of European usages and prejudices among us. Yet twenty years ago half the gay world went to Saratoga with their own horses and liveried servants, and the panel decked with their armorial bearings was painted—perhaps before the Revolution. These things have only changed hands among us; they have not altered in themselves. Nor are the incessant fluctuations of Society which they betoken to be regretted, while they prove the ever-active industry and energy of our people. Luxury and vanity are attendant upon wealth in all countries, and we ought to remember that the vicissitudes of fortune which so often raise vulgar people here into a sphere of quasi-refinement, often bring that refinement to the doors of humbler people, from the presence among them of the cultivated, who have been reduced in circumstances. The whole mass is thus measurably kneaded over and over again, and the joint result is a general pervading effect of intelligence and good breeding, such as is witnessed in no country but ours.

But let us see what our author has to say of Saratoga:—

"At the period of which we write, the choice of conveyances in travelling lay between the lumbering stage coach and the private equipage. The rapid rail-car has now nearly displaced both of these. This vehicle is in striking unison with the democratic tendencies of our age and country. The long-descended master of many a fertile acre,—the lady reared amid costly luxuries, may now arrive at Saratoga, side by side with the fortunate mechanic and the pretty milliner, who have won by unusual diligence some days or weeks of leisure; and if the last have been, as many of their class in our favored country are, well-educated,—if they possess the native refinement monopolized by no condition, they may enjoy for a time all those honors and attentions supposed to wait on rank and wealth. The gentleman will never dream that the fair hand which he touches so respectfully in the dance, has ever been engaged in the manufacture of caps and bonnets,—nor will the lady suspect that the witty remarks which drew her attention from her own party to her *vis-à-vis* at table, were made by one conversant with all the mysteries of the plane, the chisel, and the hammer. Not thus was it in those 'good old times' to which, despite our reasons, our hearts look reverently and tenderly back. Then, the travellers by the stage-coach looked from a distance, admiringly, envyingly, or with a sort of defiant pride, according to their various tempers, on those arriving in their own carriages. Among these last none boasted a more elegant equipage than Euston Hastings, but in one thing Mrs. Mabury surpassed him. One of her outriders had ridden her own saddle-horse, with whose

beauty nothing at Saratoga could compete,—and day after day she was seen in the habit and riding-cap which so well became her, mounted on her noble Selim, and accompanied by parties of ladies and gentlemen, amongst whom she moved a queen, or escorted by one gentleman only, and that one, generally, Euston Hastings. A week or more of very dry and sultry weather, in the latter part of July, was succeeded in the early days of August by heavy showers. All in-door amusements had been tried, and all had ceased to please before the sun again looked invitingly forth. Never was invitation more joyfully accepted than his, when it was vouchsafed. The earth was green, the skies bright, the roads firm, the woods were full of spicy odors, the birds were fluttering their many-colored, newly-washed wings, and singing their most joyous songs.

"Not more joyous were they than seemed the riders, male and female, who came forth, once more, after many days' imprisonment, into the free air. They entered a road winding through deep woods, which soon resounded with their cheerful calls and their gay laughter. They were overflowing with spirits, and eager for adventure; but nothing promised to gratify this desire, for the road was plain and smooth, and even the simultaneous spurring and checking of some very young gentlemen could elicit nothing more than a few graceful caracoles from their well-trained steeds. At length they reached a point where a rough cart-road diverged from the one they were pursuing, and some of the party proposed entering it. It looked inviting with its green sod, over which no wheels seemed to have passed for months, and with the trees on either side forming an arch over it, through which the sun could only here and there send a ray, looking all the brighter for the surrounding shadow. They entered it, not in the wide phalanx in which they had hitherto rode, for here, from the broken character of the ground, only two riders could pass abreast. Euston Hastings and Mrs. Mabury led the way, followed next by Evelyn and Monsieur L'Egaré. They cantered briskly forward for about half a mile, when a sudden turn of the road brought them in view of a stone wall, from three to four feet high. The foremost riders paused, and the others pressed forward to learn the reason of the unexpected halt.

"'Provoking! Is there no way of getting around it? The road looks more tempting still beyond,' cried several voices.

"'There is a way of getting over it. My Selim will never turn back from such a mere bagatelle as yonder wall,' said Mrs. Mabury, passing her hand caressingly through the mane of the beautiful animal which arched his neck and backed his ears, as if proudly conscious of her praises.

"'Come on then, Estelle! We will lead the way,' cried Euston Hastings, gazing admiringly on her spirited countenance, while Evelyn, a timid rider herself, heard the proposal and its acceptance with undisguised terror.

"'Oh no—no! you will not go—you are jesting, I am sure; are you not?' she exclaimed, appealing to both, with a forced smile.

"'Mr. Hastings may be jesting, but I am not, I assure you. I mean to pursue that road and discover the secret which the trees in that mysterious wood seem to be whispering to each other,' answered Mrs. Mabury, gaily.

"'But you will not go—for my sake you will not do anything so wild—so mad,'—urged Evelyn to her husband, as she drew near to his side.

"'You are foolish, and are making yourself ridiculous,' said he, in an angry tone, and moving off from her.

"'Had Evelyn been wise, she would have ceased her importunities, but when was love, impassioned love, wise?

"'Wheeling her horse almost directly across his path, she laid her hand upon his, and said with a vain attempt at playfulness, 'You must not go—I shall not permit it!'

"'His brow grew red, and throwing off her

hand, he seized her bridle, and pushing her horse forcibly back from his path, put spurs to his own, and dashed forward. In another instant he had cleared the wall, while Evelyn sat gazing on him with clasped hands, dilated eyes, and lips apart.

"'Come on,' he called to Mrs. Mabury, 'your Selim will bear you over it like a bird.'

"'He shall try at least,' she replied, and striking her horse with the small riding-whip she carried, she urged him to his utmost speed. Fast—faster onward rushed the beautiful horse, and his more beautiful rider. They have reached the barrier, and rising lightly, they bound gracefully over it, and turning immediately, stand side by side with Euston Hastings, and facing the group of admiring, but less adventurous riders. Evelyn sees her husband safe, and yet there is a sharper pang at her heart than at the moment when she trembled for his life, for she sees the playful smiles upon his lip,—she catches the glance of tender admiration directed to his fair friend, and she contrasts with them the scornful curve of the lip, the dark, scowling brow, so lately turned on her, and she feels for the first time—alas! not the last—jealousy's keen dart.

"Mrs. Mabury waved her hand in adieu, and gaily assured the party she had left, that she would bring them a true and full account of her discoveries, as she wheeled her horse to follow the already receding figure of Euston Hastings. The winding and wooded path which they pursued soon hid them from the gaze of their late companions, who turned with somewhat lowered spirits to regain the main road. The light cloud soon passed from other minds, but over Evelyn's it settled lower and grew darker every moment. As she came, none had been more joyous. Her gaiety of heart had burst forth in sportive words, in the light laugh which,

"'—Without any control.

But the sweet one of gracefulness rang from her soul,

and sometimes in a few 'wood-notes wild,' warbled forth in an imitation which her nice ear made singularly exact, of the birds carolling around her. Now, laugh, and song, and sportive words, were hushed, and she rode silently on with passionate and bitter thoughts in her heart, lying too deep, too undefined, perchance, for language, yet expressed clearly enough to an observing eye, in her flushed cheeks and the strange compression of her usually flexible lips."

Miss Evelyn and Mrs. Mabury, who flit with so much life through this scene, are the heroines of the book.

Evelyn, or Eva, as her friends call her, is described as "wholly a creature of the affections. Her impulses are pure, her heart is full of worship; but she is as wax in the hands of those she loves: their approbation is the aim of her being, and she submits to their wishes, and receives their opinions without a question."

Mrs. Mabury, though meant to stand in strong contrast to this fresh being, is but an older and a perverted Evelyn.

Euston Hastings is a cool man of the world, in love with both of them (if such things may be), but notwithstanding his affection for Eva, tethered especially to the apron strings of the bewitching widow Mabury, whose experience of the world enables her to manage him. There is another gentleman who figures in contrast to the clever Hastings; a Mr. Everard Irving, who is betrothed to Eva in the earlier chapters, but who is supplanted by Hastings, according to the process described in the following scene:

"'How I admire Miss Nesmith!' said Evelyn, one day, speaking of a young lady who had just taken leave of her; 'there is so much childlike unstudied grace about her.'

"The remark was made to Everard Irving, but it was Euston Hastings whose laugh caused a mingled feeling of mortification and anger to

glow in her cheek as he exclaimed, 'Unstudied! her mirror would tell a different tale if it could speak.'

"How did you like our preacher?" asked Mrs. Mabury of Evelyn, on their return from church.

"I was charmed with him," she replied with enthusiasm. "His countenance is so heavenly—his manner so simple yet so fervent."

"He is certainly a very agreeable man," interposed Euston Hastings, "especially at a convivial party, when he has wine enough and not too much."

"Evelyn had often heard such remarks in painful silence, too timid to combat his opinions, too distrustful of herself even to feel assured that he was wrong, yet too loving and hopeful wholly to credit him. On this day, however, the preacher's earnestness had thrilled her heart, and the sneer of Euston Hastings made strange discord with its heavenly tones. Tears rushed to her eyes, and with unwonted courage, though in a faltering voice, she exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. Hastings! if everything is so false as you appear to think, do not tell me of it. I would rather be always deceived—far rather—than live in so sad a world as this must be to one who thinks as you do.'

"For a moment Euston Hastings was touched by her earnest appeal, and he replied with a softened manner, 'Pardon me for having given you pain. I will never again disturb your pleasing illusions—yet' he continued in a gayer tone, 'permit the seer to utter one warning word before his lips are sealed. The children of earth, if they would be happy, should be contented to sport among the flowers on its surface, without attempting to penetrate beneath them. Like you, I admire the looks and manner of the preacher of to-day; they charmed my eye and ear as a fine picture or good music would have done, and with this I am satisfied. I will not destroy the flower by seeking in its heart the source of the perfume and beauty which delight me.'

"Evelyn had listened with downcast eyes, and it was more than a minute after he had ceased speaking that she said, hesitatingly, 'I think—I fear—that is—it seems to me that the pleasure you describe is wholly of the senses—there is no soul in it.'

"Soul—what is that?" asked Euston Hastings.

"Evelyn looked up in surprise, and caught what seemed a warning glance from Mrs. Mabury directed to Mr. Hastings. He apparently perceived it too, for, turning away from Evelyn before she could ask an explanation of his singular question, he took a book from a table near him, and seemed too much interested in its pages to continue the conversation.

"Among the fashionable novelties of that day was Castle Garden. Its greatest attraction had passed away with the heat of summer, and though Mrs. Mabury wished at least to show Evelyn that splendid view which is an enjoyment no season can take from it, the increasingly cool evenings seemed to render the propriety of doing so doubtful.

"We shall have summer days yet," said the hopeful Evelyn; and she was right. A few warm days came, and the proprietor of Castle Garden reaped a second harvest from the citizens who had been absent during the summer, and the southerners who were passing through New York on their way to their sunny homes.

"Now or never for Castle Garden, Evelyn!" exclaimed Mrs. Mabury, as she saw its name in the columns of a newspaper.

"But we are engaged this evening to Mrs. Caldwell," said Evelyn.

"We shall have had enough of the Garden by nine o'clock, and that will give us all the time we want for her party."

"At half-past seven that evening Mrs. Mabury and Evelyn, Euston Hastings and Everard Irving drove to the Battery, and leaving their carriage at its entrance, proceeded towards the Garden. They had not walked far, when music came float-

ing over the waters from a man-of-war lying about half a mile off. They checked their steps to listen, and Mrs. Mabury proposed advancing to the point of the Battery nearest the ship. They had not stood there long, when the sweet sounds grew softer and softer, and at length died away. Still they seemed to listen, for all remained motionless and silent under the influence of that vague sadness which the hour and its accompaniments were calculated to produce. Mrs. Mabury was the first to speak:

"How brightly the stars shine this evening!" she exclaimed.

"Euston Hastings looked upwards for a moment, and then, in those low, deep tones which seemed the appropriate utterance of a sad spirit, he replied, 'Yes—brightly and coldly—even as they looked down upon the Chaldean shepherds thousands of years before they trod this little planet, and fancied that in the stars they could read their destinies. Their destinies!' he repeated, in an accent of contempt; then added, after a moment's silence, 'Yet I wonder not that the Destiny which the Greeks only have succeeded in depicting, but whose irresistible, inexorable power we all feel, should have found its type in yonder orbs, moving "without haste, without rest," through their fixed and changeless course. The folly was in the desire to read that which was unalterable.'

"More strange than foolish, it seems to me," said Mrs. Mabury; "for I have always felt that were that page from the book of fate on which my life is written presented to me, I should turn away my eyes from it."

"And you would do wisely," replied Euston Hastings. "Why throw over the present the shadow of the future? why anticipate the knowledge that the heart we trust is to be estranged from our own—that the hopes which give to our lives their brightness, will be quenched in night? We are born—we shall die—this is enough to know, and of the last I would gladly be ignorant, since that, like the rest, is inevitable."

"Everard Irving felt a slight shudder pass over Evelyn's frame as she leaned against him, and determining for her sake not to leave what he considered such false philosophy unanswered, he spoke. At the sound of his voice Euston Hastings started,—he had forgotten the presence of any other than Mrs. Mabury.

"Neither do I desire to read my fate," said Everard; "but not because I fear to find my friends faithless or my hopes illusive, still less because I believe that the events written there would be wholly beyond my influence."

"Why then?" asked Mrs. Mabury.

"Because I do not desire to complicate the single question submitted to my decision—is this right or wrong?—the results of my actions I am willing to leave with One wiser than I."

"There was no answer, and it was too dark for Everard to see the smile which curled the lip of Euston Hastings. Mrs. Mabury gave the signal, and they turned from the dark waters to the brilliantly-lighted garden; but the shade which had fallen on the spirits of the party passed not so quickly away. Everard felt that Evelyn moved not so buoyantly as she was wont to do, and as he turned to speak to her, a low, half-suppressed sigh met his ear.

"Why do you sigh, Evelyn?"

"Did I sigh?—it was unconsciously—but I cannot shake off the impression of those strangely sad words of Mr. Hastings."

"I hope such words will make no durable impression on your mind, dear Evelyn; the ruler of our lives, beloved, is not an inexorable Destiny, but a tender and compassionate Father."

"I know you are right: yet his mind is so powerful, his words often so thrillingly eloquent, and his varying tones so singularly musical—how can I resist his influence?"

"You greatly admire Mr. Hastings, Evelyn," said Everard, with a sudden pang of jealousy.

"Greatly admire Mr. Hastings," she repeated, "how can I help admiring him?"

"Everard's very heart grew cold as he whispered, 'Do you love him, Evelyn?'"

"Considering their relative positions, the question, it may be supposed, must have excited sorrow, perhaps anger. Everard probably expected himself to read some such emotion in her face, as she paused suddenly and turned towards him, but he saw there only an expression of overpowering surprise as she repeated, 'Love him!—love Mr. Hastings!—I should as soon think of loving one of those bright stars on which we gazed just now; he seems as far above me, he certainly is as little known to me, as they are—how could you ask such a question?'"

"Nothing in this reply was more agreeable to Everard than the slight accent of reproach evident at its conclusion, and the emphasis on the word—you. He had scarcely time to murmur, 'Bless you, my Evelyn, for those words,' when they stood beneath the brilliantly-lighted gateway, and beside Mrs. Mabury who awaited them there.

"Why, Evelyn, how the evening air has made your cheeks glow, and how brilliant your eyes are," exclaimed Mrs. Mabury as she looked admiringly on her young friend.

"That last must be a reflection from the stars," said Evelyn, with a laugh not altogether free from embarrassment, and a quick glance at Everard Irving, whose smile, at once joyous and tender, brought a yet more vivid flush into her cheeks.

"If so, I hope they have not been partial in their reflections," said Mrs. Mabury, as she led the way to the garden."

Poor Eva falls an easy victim to this redoubtable lady killer. The gradual change in her feelings is well described in the following extracts:

"And Evelyn's whole life became now indistinct and aimless as a dream. The new sentiment with which she had been inspired by Euston Hastings, was like the introduction into a piece of music of some inharmonious note from an instrument of exquisite sweetness of tone—delightful in itself, it had produced the most painful discord in her heart. Even in her father's arms she felt its influence—it had drawn a veil between their hearts. It had destroyed the charm of her intercourse with Mrs. Mabury. Wherefore this was, Evelyn knew not, perhaps she sought not to know; she only felt that under an earnest look from Mrs. Mabury her cheeks crimsoned and her heart throbbed with undefined fear, and that those *tête-à-têtes*, once so valued, in which Mrs. Mabury had seemed to look into her heart only that she might know how best to please and to delight her, were now avoided. But most of all had this new sentiment disturbed the repose of her relations with Everard Irving. Alone with him, she became silent and depressed; in society, she plunged with reckless gaiety into the amusements of the hour, and welcomed attentions which she had hitherto avoided, that she might evade those gentle, quiet cares that mark the lover's devotion. Everard Irving saw and suffered from her change; yet it was of a nature to be felt rather than defined, it was a shadow which darkened his path, but presented nothing tangible to his grasp. Not for a moment was his jealousy excited by any of the flutterers with whom she laughed so gaily or danced and sung so readily, for even a lover's sharpened perception could detect no preference of any one among them, could find no token of the heart's presence in laugh or dance or song. Euston Hastings rarely approached her when he was present, indeed rarely of his choice did he approach her at all in society; yet neither did he seem to avoid her, and if by accident they were thrown together, his manner was grave though kind, and Evelyn's embarrassment, if observed at all, appeared but girlish diffidence of one with whom persons older and more assured than herself often felt not

quite at ease. But a skilful manœvrer, and thoroughly *au fait* of Mrs Mabury's habits and those of her household, Euston Hastings found little difficulty in securing to himself at pleasure a few moments alone with Evelyn. Again and again, in such interviews, did he present to her lip that intoxicating draught which, elevating her above the circle of common life, rendered her forgetful alike of its cares and its obligations. Still his language was that of friendship. He was the friend of her soul, while Everard Irving was recognised as her lover, connected to her by ties less refined, less spiritual than those by which he desired to link his being to hers. More than once had Euston Hastings felt the hand he held grow cold, and seen the heart's sudden pang throw its shadow over Evelyn's face, at these allusions to her engagement with another. Such emotion was costly incense offered at his shrine, which for one moment he would enjoy with sensations of the most exquisite delight, and then obliterate its very memory by some look, or movement, or whispered word, bearing within it the very heart of love. But there were times in his absence when Evelyn could recall only the faint image of that look or movement, the fainter echo of that word, when her reason cast off their spell and showed her an abyss opening at her feet. But though she shrank back appalled from the vision, it was but a moment, and the next, closing her eyes to all danger, she was rushing forward on the same path, yielding unresistingly to her destiny.

"Destiny! poor blind, with which man hoodwinks his own reason. In the physical world we adore, we joyfully avail ourselves of those fixed laws which unerring Wisdom and unwavering Love have established. The same Wisdom and the same Love have established laws as certain in the moral world; our passions rise up in opposition to them, we choose rather to suffer their penalty than to obey them, and this we call yielding to our destiny. Yet true it is that we are social beings, and weave not alone the tissue of our lives; that the threads of other men's fortunes are often intertwined with ours; and that circumstances over which we had no control—the natures we inherit, our early nurture, a thousand nameless considerations—increase or diminish, in an almost incalculable degree, the difficulties attending our conformity to law, whether moral or physical. But it is only by a strange perversion that these truths can lead us to a self-indulgent passiveness. Extending the sphere of our responsibility, increasing the difficulties of our progress—their legitimate result would be more vigorous and persevering effort.

"Evelyn Beresford inherited a nature full of all sweet and endearing qualities. Her temper was gentle, her affections ardent, and surrounded from infancy by the pure and tender influences of a father's love, she had walked blamelessly and joyously along her sunlit path. Now, darkness was around her, and the very impulses which had hitherto led her in safety, were tempting her into dangerous ways. With what weapons had she been furnished for their resistance?

"To please the objects of her affection; to sacrifice herself to them; to make her life a ministry of love, demanding only love as its repayment—these were her principles of action. How often are they the only principles with which woman is sent forth to her combat with the powers of earth! The distinction made by Milton between our first parents, seems to be recognised as just by their descendants. Man is taught to draw his motives from above, from the Heavenly—to live 'for God only'; while from her very cradle woman's heart is linked to earth as the source of her motives, hopes, rewards, and if she lives for God, it is 'for God in' some earthly object."

The gravity of the last sentences brings us to the moral of the book, which is gradually, unobtrusively, and beautifully unfolded as it proceeds to the close, but which we leave the

reader of the work to evolve for himself. There is something of an under-plot to which we have not alluded, and which seems introduced for the double purpose of introducing one lovely and well-regulated mind in contrast to the beings of passion which give most character to the story, and of providing the worthy Mr. Everard Irving with a spouse who shall make amends for all his sufferings.

We cannot take leave of Miss McIntosh's work without saying frankly that we hope to hear soon again, and hear often from the writer of so excellent a novel of American life.

Poetry.

A WESTERN FLOWER.

[A STRANGE FLOWER.—One day last week some men who were working upon our streets broke a stone in two in which was found a beautiful purple flower, with some green leaves, as fresh in appearance, and as soft to the touch as though it had been grown in a green-house. How it came there is a mystery to us. The stone had been in our streets for twelve years. But the flower was evidently in the stone when quarried. Perhaps it had been there from "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,"—aye, for aught we know, it is an antediluvian flower. Mr. S. S. Youngs says "the flower resembles the Hibiscus species; but the leaf is more nearly the rose, but is not exactly like any flower now a native of this country, nor indeed like any exotic cultivated here." He adds: "It most probably grew in the hole of the rock where it now is; but the rock must have been earth when it grew."—*Eaton (Ohio) Register.*]

STRANGE flower! how like to mine own
"dream!"

Enshrined in rock-displacing earth;
Blooming, without one sunny beam,
Freshly as when love watched its birth.

No fading Flowret of an hour,—
Allied unto no fragile Rose,—
A lone, unique, rock-buried flower,
It hath no like—none elsewhere grows.

The frail Hibiscus opens its eye
But to the rosy glance of morn,—
Its fate, with morning's blush to die,—
For evanescence only born.

The Rose demands, of Heaven, air—
Sunshine of Day—of Evening, dew—
Then scatters all its petals fair
Unto the Earth, whence first it grew.

But this strange flower—encased in rock,
On which man's foot hath careless trod,
Lives on as it had felt no shock,—
And owned no presence—but its God!

Is this its registry of birth
In ages now for ever gone?
And was it brought to light on earth
Only to find itself—"alone?"

The hand that reckless broke the stone,
Thought not within there lived a flower!
A blossom, disinterred to moan
The loneliness which is its dower.

Earth's dower to all those misplaced things,
Those strong, unsought, unyielding ties,
In souls where Time—scarce Heaven—brings,
Aught else that seem realities!

Works in Press.

[From Lord Hervey's Memoirs of the Court of George II. to be published next week by Lea & Blanchard.]

ROYAL DOMESTICITY.

I CANNOT resist giving here, by way of specimen, an account of one conversation between the King and Queen and Lord Hervey, whilst the circumstances of it are yet fresh in my memory.

About nine o'clock every night, the King used to return to the Queen's apartment from that of his daughters, where, from the time of Lady Suffolk's disgrace, he used to pass those

evenings he did not go to the opera or play at quadrille—constraining them, tiring himself, and talking a little indecently to Lady Deloraine, who was always of the party.

At his return to the Queen's side, the Queen used often to send for Lord Hervey to entertain them till they retired, which was generally at eleven. One evening among the rest, as soon as Lord Hervey came into the room, the Queen, who was knotting whilst the King walked backwards and forwards, began jocosely to attack Lord Hervey upon an answer just published to a book of his friend Bishop Hoadley's on the sacrament, in which the Bishop was very ill treated; but before she had uttered half what she had a mind to say, the King interrupted her, and told her she always loved talking of such nonsense, and things she knew nothing of; adding, that, if it were not for such foolish people loving to talk of those things when they were written, the fools who wrote upon them would never think of publishing their nonsense, and disturbing the government with impertinent disputes that nobody of any sense ever troubled himself about. The Queen bowed, and said, "Sir, I only did it to let Lord Hervey know that his friend's book had not met with that general approbation he had pretended." "A pretty fellow for a friend!" said the King, turning to Lord Hervey. "Pray what is it that charms you in him? His pretty limping gait" (and then he acted the Bishop's lameness), "or his nasty stinking breath?—phaugh!—or his silly laugh, when he grins in your face for nothing, and shows his nasty rotten teeth? Or is it his great honesty that charms your Lordship?—his asking a thing of me for one man, and, when he came to have it in his own power to bestow, refusing the Queen to give it to the very man for whom he had asked it? Or do you admire his conscience, that makes him now put out a book that, till he was Bishop of Winchester, for fear his conscience might hurt his preferment, he kept locked up in his chest? Is his conscience so much improved beyond what it was when he was Bishop of Bangor, or Hereford, or Salisbury (for this book, I hear, was written so long ago)? or was it that he would not risk losing a shilling a year more whilst there was anything better to be got than what he had? My Lord, I am very sorry you choose friends so ill; but I cannot help saying, if the Bishop of Winchester is your friend, you have a great puppy, and a very dull fellow, and a great rascal for your friend. It is a very pretty thing for such scoundrels, when they are raised by favor so much above their desert, to be talking and writing their stuff, to give trouble to the Government that has showed them that favor; and very modest in a canting hypocritical knave to be crying, 'The kingdom of Christ is not of this world,' at the same time that he, as Christ's ambassador, receives 6000*l.* or 7000*l.* a year. But he is just the same thing in the Church that he is in the Government, and as ready to receive the best pay for preaching the Bible, though he does not believe a word of it, as he is to take favors from the Crown, though, by his republican spirit and doctrine, he would be glad to abolish its power."

During the whole time the King was speaking, the Queen, by smiling and nodding in proper places, endeavored all she could, but in vain, to make her court by seeming to approve everything he said; and well, indeed, might she approve it, for it was almost word for word what she had said to Lord Hervey on this subject in the summer when the book first

came out, which Lord Hervey, to flatter her, whilst she flattered the King, gave her to understand he remembered, by telling her very emphatically, when she asked him *what he had to say to all this*, "Your Majesty knows already all I have to say on this subject;" and then added (to sweeten the King), "but how partial soever I may be to my friend, I assure your Majesty I am not so partial to myself as to imagine, let his cause be ever so good, that I should be able to plead it with success against the very able counsel that I have just now heard draw up the charge on the other side."

He then, in order to turn the conversation, told the King that he had that day been with a Bishop of a very different stamp, who would never, he dared to answer for him, disturb his Majesty's Government with writing. (The man he meant was one Wilcocks, Bishop of Rochester, the dullest branch of episcopacy, and the most ignorant piece of orthodoxy, in the whole kingdom.) "As soon," continued Lord Hervey, "as Lord Wilmington, Lord Chancellor, and I, had to-day discharged your Majesty's commission in proroguing the Parliament, my Lord of Rochester carried us to Westminster Abbey to show us a pair of old brass gates to Henry VII.'s Chapel, which were formerly overrun with rust and turned quite black, but are now new-cleaned, as bright as when they were first made, and the finest things of the kind I ever saw in my life." Whilst Lord Hervey was going on with a particular detail and encomium on these gates,—the Queen asking many questions about them, and seeming extremely pleased with the description—the King stopped the conversation short by saying, "My Lord, you are always putting some of these fine things in the Queen's head, and then I am to be plagued with a thousand plans and workmen." Then turning to the Queen, he said, "I suppose I shall see a pair of these gates to *Merlin's Cave*, to complete your nonsense there." (This *Merlin's Cave* was a little building, so christened, which the Queen had lately finished at Richmond.) The Queen smiled, and said *Merlin's Cave* was completed already; and Lord Hervey, to remove the King's fears of this expense, said that it was a sort of work that if his Majesty would give all the money in his exchequer he could not have now. "A propos," said the Queen, "I hear the Craftsman has abused *Merlin's Cave*." "I am very glad of it," interrupted the King: "you deserve to be abused for such childish, silly stuff, and it is the first time I ever knew the scoundrel in the right."

This the Queen swallowed too, and began to talk on something else, till the conversation (I know not by what transition) fell on the ridiculous expense it was to people, by the money given to servants, to go and stay two or three days with their acquaintance in the country; upon which the Queen said she had found it a pretty large expense this summer to visit her friends even in town. "That is your own fault," said the King; "for my father, when he went to people's houses in town, never was fool enough to be giving away his money." The Queen pleaded for her excuse that she had only done what Lord Grantham had told her she was to do; to which his Majesty replied, that my Lord Grantham was a pretty director; that she was always asking some fool or other what she was to do; and that none but a fool would ask another fool's advice. The Queen then appealed to Lord Harvey whether it was not now as customary to give money in town as in the country. He knew it was not, but said it was. He added, too, that to be sure, were it not so for particulars, it would certainly

be expected from her Majesty. To which the King said, "Then she may stay at home, as I do. You do not see me running into every puppy's house, to see his new chairs and stools. Nor is it for *you*," said he, addressing himself to the Queen, "to be running your nose everywhere, and trotting about the town, to every fellow that will give you bread and butter, like an old girl that loves to go abroad, no matter where, or whether it be proper or no." The Queen colored, and knotted a good deal faster during this speech than she did before, whilst the tears came into her eyes, but she said not one word. Lord Hervey (who cared not whether he provoked the King's wrath himself or not, provided he could have the merit to the Queen of diverting his Majesty's ill humor from her) said to the King, that, as the Queen loved pictures, there was no way of seeing a collection but by going to people's houses. "And what matter whether she sees a collection or not?" replied the King. "The matter is, Sir, that she satisfies her own curiosity, and obliges the people whose houses she honors with her presence." "Supposing," said the King, "she had a curiosity to see a tavern, would it be fit for her to satisfy it? and yet the innkeeper would be very glad to see her." "If the innkeeper," replied Lord Hervey, "were used to be well received by her Majesty in her palace, I should think the Queen's seeing them at their own houses would give no additional scandal." The King, instead of answering Lord Hervey, then turned to the Queen, and, with a good deal of vehemence, poured out an unintelligible torrent of German, to which the Queen made not one word of reply, but knotted on till she tangled her thread, then snuffed the candles that stood on the table before her, and snuffed one of them out; upon which the King, in English, began a new dissertation upon her Majesty, and took her awkwardness for his text.

The account of this conversation upon paper swells into so great a length that I shall enumerate no more particulars; what I have said will suffice for a sample of this conference, and this conference for a sample of many more of the same kind.

[We get some insight into Court manners and management from the following sketch of Lady Suffolk, mistress of the king.]

Whilst the King was at Hanover there happened a marriage in England which I believe surprised his Majesty as much as it did many of his subjects; I mean Lady Suffolk's with Mr. George Berkeley, an old lover of Mrs. Pulteney. Mr. Berkeley was neither young, handsome, healthy, nor rich, which made people wonder what induced Lady Suffolk's prudence to deviate into this unaccountable piece of folly: some imagined it was to persuade the world that nothing criminal had ever passed between her and the King; others that it was to pique the King: if this was her reason, she succeeded very ill in her design, for the King, in answer to that letter from the Queen that gave him the first account of this marriage, told her, "*J'ai été extrêmement surpris de la disposition que vous m'avez mandé que ma vieille maîtresse a fait de son corps en mariage à ce vieux gouteux George Berkeley, et je m'en rejouis fort. Je ne voudrais pas faire de tels présens à mes amis: mais quand mes ennemis me volent, plut à Dieu que ce soit toujours de cette façon.*"

Those who had a mind to abuse Lady Suffolk the most upon this occasion said she had been so long used to a companion, that she could not live without something in that style, and that at her time of life, as there was none

to be lost, so she took up with the first engagement that offered. The Queen, who was the first body that told me this marriage was certainly over, and would in a very short time be publicly owned, was extremely peevish with me for saying I did not believe one word of the matter, and that I was sure it was somebody who proposed making their court, by putting Lady Suffolk in this light, who had told her this improbable story. "*Mon Dieu*," said the Queen, "what an *opiniâtre* devil you are, that you will never believe what one tells you one knows to be true, because you happen not to think it possible! Perhaps," continued she, "you are one of those who have so high an opinion of her understanding, that you think it impossible she should do a silly thing; for my part, I have always heard a great deal of her great sense from other people, but I never saw her, in any material great occurrence of her life, take a sensible step since I knew her; her going from Court was the silliest thing she could do at that time, and this match the silliest thing she could do now; all her behavior to the King whilst she was at Court was as ill-judged as her behavior to me at leaving it."

Upon the Queen's mentioning Lady Suffolk's behavior to her upon her leaving the Court, I said that was a thing that had excited my curiosity more than any incident that had ever happened since my being in it; for that I could not possibly imagine that Lady Suffolk could come to her Majesty and say, "Madam, your husband being weary of me, I cannot possibly stay in your house or your service any longer;" and yet, if she did not say that, I could not comprehend what she did say. The Queen told me Lady Suffolk had not spoken her sense in those words, but that they differed little in their purport from what I imagined was impossible for her to suggest. "Then, pray, Madam," said I, "may I beg to know what was your Majesty's answer?" "I told her," said the Queen, "that she and I were not of an age to think of these sort of things in such a romantic way; and said, 'My good Lady Suffolk, you are the best servant in the world, and, as I should be most extremely sorry to lose you, pray take a week to consider of this business, and give me your word not to read any romances in that time, and then I dare say you will lay aside all thought of doing what, believe me, you will repent, and what I am very sure I shall be very sorry for.'"

The Queen in this conversation told me many other circumstances relating to Lady Suffolk's affairs, and to her conduct at Court, that till then I was entirely unacquainted with, particularly that she had had 2000*l.* a year constantly from the King whilst he was Prince, and 3200*l.* ever since he was King, besides several little dabs of money both before and since he came to the crown.

She told me the whole history of the bustle Mr. Howard had made to take his wife from Court, and that, when Mr. Howard came to her Majesty, and said he would take his wife out of her Majesty's coach if he met her in it, she had bid him "do it if he dare;" "though," said she, "I was horribly afraid of him (for we were *tête-à-tête*) all the while I was thus playing the bully. What added to my fear upon this occasion," said the Queen, "was that I knew him to be so brutal, as well as a little mad, and seldom quite sober, so I did not think it impossible but that he might throw me out of that window (for it was in this very room our interview was, and that sash then open just as it is now); but as soon as I had got near the door, and thought myself safe from being thrown out of the window, *je pris mon grand ton de Reine*

et je disois I would be glad to see who should dare to open my coach door and take out one of my servants; *sachant tout le temps qu'il le pouvoit faire s'il le vouloit, et qu'il auroit sa femme, et moi l'affront.* Then I told him that my resolution was positively neither to force his wife to go to him if she had no mind to it, nor to keep her if she had. He then said he would complain to the King; upon which *je prenois encore mon haut ton*, and said the King had nothing to do with my servants, and for that reason he might save himself that trouble, as I was sure the King would give him no answer but that it was none of his business to concern himself with my family; and after a good deal more conversation of this kind (I standing close to the door all the while to give me courage), *Monsieur Howard et moi nous nous donnions le bonjour, et il se retira.*

"After this, that old fool my Lord Trevor came to me from Mrs. Howard, and, after thanking me in her name for what I had done, proposed for me to give 1200*l.* a year to Mr. Howard to let his wife stay with me; but as I thought I had done full enough, and that it was a little too much not only to keep the King's *guenipes*" (in English *trulls*) "under my roof, but to pay them too, I pleaded poverty to my good Lord Trevor, and said I would do anything to keep so good a servant as Mrs. Howard about me, but that for the 1200*l.* a year I really could not afford it.

"But, after all this matter was settled, the first thing this wise, prudent Lady Suffolk did was to pick a quarrel with me about holding a basin in the ceremony of my dressing, and to tell me with her little fierce eyes, and cheeks as red as your coat, that positively she would not do it; to which I made her no answer then in anger, but calmly as I would have said to a naughty child, 'Yes, my dear Howard, I am sure you will; indeed you will. Go, go! fie, fie for shame! Go, my good Howard; we will talk of this another time.'

"About a week after, when upon maturer deliberation she had done everything about the basin that I would have her, I told her I knew we should be good friends again; but could not help adding in a little more serious voice, that I owned of all my servants I had least expected, as I had least deserved it, such treatment from her, when she knew I had held her up at a time when it was in my power, if I had pleased, any hour of the day to let her drop through my fingers—thus—."

Miscellany.

GENIUS.

(A Fragment, from an unpublished Poem.)

O'er does an unshap'd glorious thought
Rise in the ideal blest,
And like a dream for ever fade,
Ere it can be express'd;
Just as the wave unmounted high,
With curl'd and foamy crest,
Sinks down again in ocean deep,
To its eternal rest!

'Tis in the soul where Genius dwells
Those meteor thoughts arise,
Like phosphorent light upon the wave
That rolls 'neath sunny skies:
This part of God! this unseen Sun!
Mankind too seldom prize,
Yet does it oftimes gild a thought
That never, never dies!

'Tis like a beacon on a hill,
By its own path we find;
'Tis like a light upon the sea,
Past shoals by it we wind;
It sheddeth universal light
Throughout the world of mind!
Imperishable! it remains
"For all time" with mankind.

The Almighty said, "Let there be light,"
And o'er the world it shone!

He to dispel our mental night
Sent Genius from his throne.
'Tis undefinable as space!
(The infinite unknown),
Through it a revelation of
Almightiness is shown!

Lond. Lit. Gaz.

WM. WILSON.

EDUCATION AND SCHOOLS AMONG THE CHOCTAWS.

WHILE there is such liberal activity in all parts of the country to raise money and send it abroad, for every possible contrivance of world-sympathy, religion, politics, and philanthropy, it is wholesome now and then to turn to the place where charity begins, and see what we are doing for those native races which preceded us here in our possessions.

The Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs now before us, offers some statistics which are well worth presenting in our columns, at least for our European readers, who really seem to take more interest in the concerns of the Indian Bureau than do Americans generally. From one of the reports in relation to education, we take the following statement of the condition of Schools among the Choctaws.

"The Chuahla Female Seminary at Pine Ridge, near Fort Towson, is under the charge of the Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury; 44 scholars have attended during the last year. Of these 33 were boarders, and 11 day scholars; of the boarders, 24 were supported by the nation, the remainder by their friends, or by their own labor. In the school-room the girls are under the charge of Miss Goulding, and are instructed in arithmetic, the elements of natural philosophy, geography, grammar, and history, besides the usual exercises in writing, composition, committing portions of Scripture to memory, &c., &c.

"Out of the school, the greater portion of the girls are employed, under the direction of Miss Slate, in making dresses for themselves and others, and in the manufacture of various articles of needle and fancy work. They have also made pantaloons and other garments for men, and have done a large amount of knitting and netting, &c., and they are divided into companies, which relieve each other, from time to time, in the labors of the kitchen and dining room.

"The female school at Wheelock, 15 miles east of Fort Towson, is under the charge of the Rev. Alfred Wright; 24 pupils are educated and maintained at the expense of the nation; 13 attended as day scholars, boarding at home; and eight were boarded at the expense of their friends, or in consideration of their services, making, in all, 45 scholars. The teachers are Miss Dolbeau and Miss Dickinson, and the branches taught are the same as at Pine Ridge, with the addition of an elementary work on astronomy. The course out of school is also the same.

"Mr. Wright has also under his supervision, at Norwalk, five miles from his residence, a school for boys, under the immediate charge of Mr. H. U. Pitkin; 27 pupils have been in regular attendance. Their studies are similar to those of the girls at Wheelock. Instruction in music is also given, 'on the plan of the Boston Academy.'

"The Rev. Cyrus Byington is superintendent of the Igunobi Female Seminary, near the south-eastern corner of the Choctaw country. He reports 50 pupils, of whom nine were small boys, attending from the neighborhood as day scholars. The teachers are Miss Hall and Miss Keyes, and the general arrangements, in school and out, is about the same as that described at Pine Ridge.

No report has been received from the Rev. Mr. Hotchkins, superintendent of the Koonshu Female Seminary. It is presumed that no material change in its condition has occurred since the date of his last report. The Choctaw trustees and others, who were present at the ex-

amination of this institution in July last, speak in the highest terms of its general management, and the progress made by the scholars.

"The superintendent of Armstrong Academy, the Rev. R. D. Potts, does not state any facts in relation to the condition of his school, further than that the boys, after suffering a great deal from sickness, causing a suspension of operations, are at present doing well. He adds that there is a farm of fifty acres connected with the institution, cultivated chiefly by the boys, which yields an ample supply of corn, &c.

"The Rev. J. B. Ramsey states that the institution under his charge (Spencer Academy) has also suffered severely from sickness, which assumed the form of an epidemic, and prostrated a large number of boys, terminating fatally in several instances. Of late, the health of the students, with one or two exceptions, has been good. The number in attendance at the examination in July was 78. Of their studies, Mr. R. says, 'there is one small class reading in the Latin reader, and another class studying Latin grammar; the rest are in various stages of advancement. We have endeavored to pay more attention to the cultivation of music than formerly, and hope to be able to effect still more. Speaking and composition are weekly exercises.' Out of school, the boys are required to spend two hours and a half daily in agricultural and mechanical labor, under the direction of their teachers.

"The Fort Coffee Academy is divided into two branches; one for boys at Fort Coffee, the other for girls, New Hope, six miles distant. At the former, the Rev. W. L. McAlister, the superintendent, reports 54 scholars; at the latter 25. The boys are instructed in grammar, geography, arithmetic, and natural philosophy. The girls in geography, arithmetic, and grammar. 'The boys,' says Mr. McAl., 'have labored generally a part of each day on the farm, and the girls have been more or less employed about domestic affairs, when out of school.'

"All the establishments enumerated are supported by the joint contribution of the Choctaws and the different missionary societies. The schools at Pine Ridge, Wheelock, and Igunobi, each receive \$1,600 per annum from the Choctaws. The Koonshu Female Seminary receives \$3,000; Armstrong Academy, \$2,900, and Fort Coffee and Spencer Academies, \$6,000 per annum each. There is also an additional allowance of \$833 33 per annum each to Armstrong and Spencer Academies; a like sum is paid to Mr. Wright for the school at Norwalk, and \$2,000 per annum from the civilization fund is expended at Spencer Academy. I have no data to show the exact amount contributed by the different missionary societies.

"A short time before his death, my predecessor visited the schools under the care of Mr. Kingsbury and Mr. Wright, and, I understand, expressed the utmost gratification at the progress made by the scholars. At Pine Ridge, one of the students, a full blooded Indian girl, made several intricate and complicated calculations on the black-board, in his presence, with all the rapidity and accuracy of the most expert accountant; and, at Wheelock, under the management of the accomplished instructress in the higher department, the pupils showed a wonderful degree of proficiency in various branches. At this school, there were shown some very creditable specimens of drawings, executed by the scholars after receiving comparatively few lessons. The exhibition, however, that made the greatest impression was at Norwalk. Besides the ordinary routine of studies, the teacher, Mr. Pitkin, had taken great pains to interest the boys in vocal music. He had them so well trained that he could at pleasure cause the entire school, without the slightest discord, to sound any given note in the gamut. The perfection they had attained in their musical exercises was in fact astonishing, but it was by no means at the expense of other branches. Whatever they had learned at all, had evidently been taught thoroughly."

Recent Publications.

The Instructive Reader ; or a Course of Reading in Natural History, Science, and Literature. Designed for the use of Schools. By William D. Swan. Philadelphia : Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. 12mo. pp. 288. 1848.

It is one recommendation nowadays to find a Reader which does not perplex the learner with rhetorical rules, and teach him to saw the air, and mouthe, and shrink, and start, in the most approved style current at the stated school examinations, to the astonishment of attending relatives and friends. The present work, it seems, has been got up in compliance with the suggestions offered in a Report on Reading Books presented by the Committee on Books of the Public Schools of Boston, in which the principal objection urged against the books now in use is, that though "they are generally well adapted to furnish exercises in the art of reading," "they are made up of selections from writings almost exclusively literary," "they do not furnish materials for a great variety of thought." It is not very clear what the Boston committee mean, nor if "literary writings" (whatever they may be) are laid on one side, do we exactly see where the selections are to come from. But waiving any criticism upon the questionable language and sentiments above quoted, we shall limit ourselves to one or two remarks upon the "Instructive Reader," which has been put forth to furnish a course of "reading lessons in Natural History, Science, and Literature."

We must say the title "Instructive Reader" appears to be not very happily chosen; seeking to be distinctive, it has a repulsive and pedantic air; but much allowance must be made for an author or publisher in distress for a name. The book contains information upon a great variety of subjects, illustrating "the facts and laws of creation," the physical constitution of man, and other topics of practical utility. It is divided into lessons of appropriate length, and the different heads are disposed in the most natural order of succession. The style is clear and terse, and the examples are of a kind that will arrest the attention of the youthful reader. It forms a handsomely printed book, and will no doubt do good service in the school-room.

The Pulpit Orators of France and Switzerland. Sketches of their Character and Specimens of their Eloquence. By Rev. Rob Turnbull. New York: R. Carter. 12mo. pp. 341. 1845.

THE names of the pulpit orators of France meet the eye on every page of history, but to those who have not studied the language, they are little more than names, their discourses and their personal history being alike unknown. To such persons this volume will be acceptable, as affording them as good materials for forming an independent opinion as translations generally can; while the biographical sketches and delineations of character assist them to form an idea of the men as they were; and the names of Bossuet, Flechier, Bourdaloue, Fenelon, Massillon, Saurin, Vinet, Monod, Grandpierre, Lacordaire, D'Aubigné, and Gausson, are assurance more than enough that the editor has furnished some of the best specimens of eloquence that have been delivered from the pulpits of France and Switzerland.

Always Happy ; or Anecdotes of Felix and his sister Serena. New York : Stanford & Swords. 18mo. pp. 171. 1848.

THIS work comes to us with a good recommendation on its title-page—it has already run through fifteen editions in England. On examination we find that this recommendation is justified by the contents; and that the teachings it imparts on the minor domestic morals, the hints afforded to parents upon the government of children—the most difficult of parental duties, requiring far more thought and discernment and knowledge of human nature than are always given even to heads of families—and the lessons

it conveys to the children themselves, are judiciously embodied in well selected illustrative anecdotes, which entertain at the same time that they instruct.

The Church Review, and Ecclesiastical Register. No. II. New Haven: Bassett & Bradley. July, 1848.

THE contents of this number are—"Kenrick on the Primacy," Form and Spirit, Primates of all England, The Rock of the Church, Bushnell's Christian Nurture, Dr. Hampden and Church and State, Hoyt's Sketches of Life and Landscape, a variety of short notices, and a summary of Home and Foreign Intelligence. We learn from some editorial remarks that the circulation of this periodical (though the present is only the second number) equals the "most sanguine anticipations" of its projectors, and that it extends to "every Diocese in the United States, except one, and also to England and her North American colonies," and that its permanent establishment is scarcely a matter of doubt.

The Eastern Tourist. J. Disturnell. A Guide book for the Summer Excursion through the States of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, with "a dash into Canada," giving a brief description of Montreal, Quebec, &c.

History of the French Revolution of 1789.
By Louis Blanc. Book II. Philadelphia: Lea &
Blanchard.

SINCE the first part of this work was reviewed in our columns M. Louis Blanc has incurred the suspicion of making revolutions as well as writing about them—at least until he has cleared his skirts of all connexion with the late horrid massacre in Paris his books will be read by a different light from that which once gave a rose hue to some of his speculations. It is odd, but philosophers make more dangerous statesmen than do poets. The latter write poetry and act reality, but your philosopher half the time insists that all the world shall act out his reveries and meditations. Bacon and Franklin, to be sure, did not press their visions upon society; for the one turned over his destructive ingenuity to the public purse; while the other hitched on his scheming contrivances to the skies instead of the body politic. But these philosophers were not French philosophers.

History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. By Edward Gibbon, Esq. Edited by Guizot. Cincinnati: J. A. & U. P. James. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE great work of Gibbon, here compressed into double columned pages with a still readable type, is offered by the enterprising Western publisher to the American reading world, with additions which will make it particularly acceptable to some classes of readers. We need hardly say that the principal feature we allude to is comprised in the notes critical and historical, relating principally to the propagation of Christianity, by the celebrated Guizot. These illustrations of the text with the notice of the life and character of Gibbon and Watson's reply to the brilliant infidel, make this edition complete in itself, while eminently fitting it for popular circulation.

"*Mary Jane Graham.*" This little 18mo. is a Memoir of Mary Jane Graham, late of Stoke Fleming, Devon, abridged for American circulation, and published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication of Philadelphia.

A First Book in Spanish—By Joseph Salkeld,
A. M. Harper & Brothers.

MR. SALKELD, the author of "A Compendium of Classical Antiquities," by way of assisting to prepare us for Mexican annexation, has got up this practical introduction to the study of Castilian. It contains instruction for the pronunciation of the Spanish; a grammar; exercises on the Ollendorff method of constant imitation and repetition; reading lessons and a vocabulary; the whole being adapted for the use of private learners or for classes under an instructor.

The Lost Trappers, a collection of interesting scenes and events in the Rocky Mountains, &c. By David H. Coyners. Cincinnati: J. A. & U. P. James.

A READABLE and entertaining book of some two hundred pages. We wish that Mr. Hall would take this subject of Western adventures fairly in hand, and get a publisher who would issue some great work in numbers. No collection of voyages could be more interesting than the great land expeditions of the West from Lewis and Clarke's day down to Fremont's. Nay, the editor of such a work might begin with old Carver.

Publishers' Circular.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CAREY & HART will shortly publish No. 1. of a new monthly comic story, portraying the follies of every-day domestic life, and entitled *Shabby Genteel*, or the *Struggles and Contrivances of £200 a year to look like £1,000*, by the author of "*The Greatest Plague of Life*."

LEA & BLANCHARD, Philadelphia, will publish, *History of the Jesuits, from the foundation of their Society to its suppression by Pope Clement XIV.—Their missions throughout the world. Their Educational System and Literature, with their Revival and Present State.* By **Andrew Steinmetz**, with wood cuts, three volumes in one.

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AMERICAN QUARTERLY REGISTER AND MAGAZINE. Conducted by James Stryker. No. 1 (E. C. & J. Biddle), \$5 per annum

ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Lane's edition. Part VI. (Harper & Brothers), 25 cents.
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* **BROTHERS AND SISTERS: A Tale of Domestic Life.** Translated from the original unpublished manu-

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